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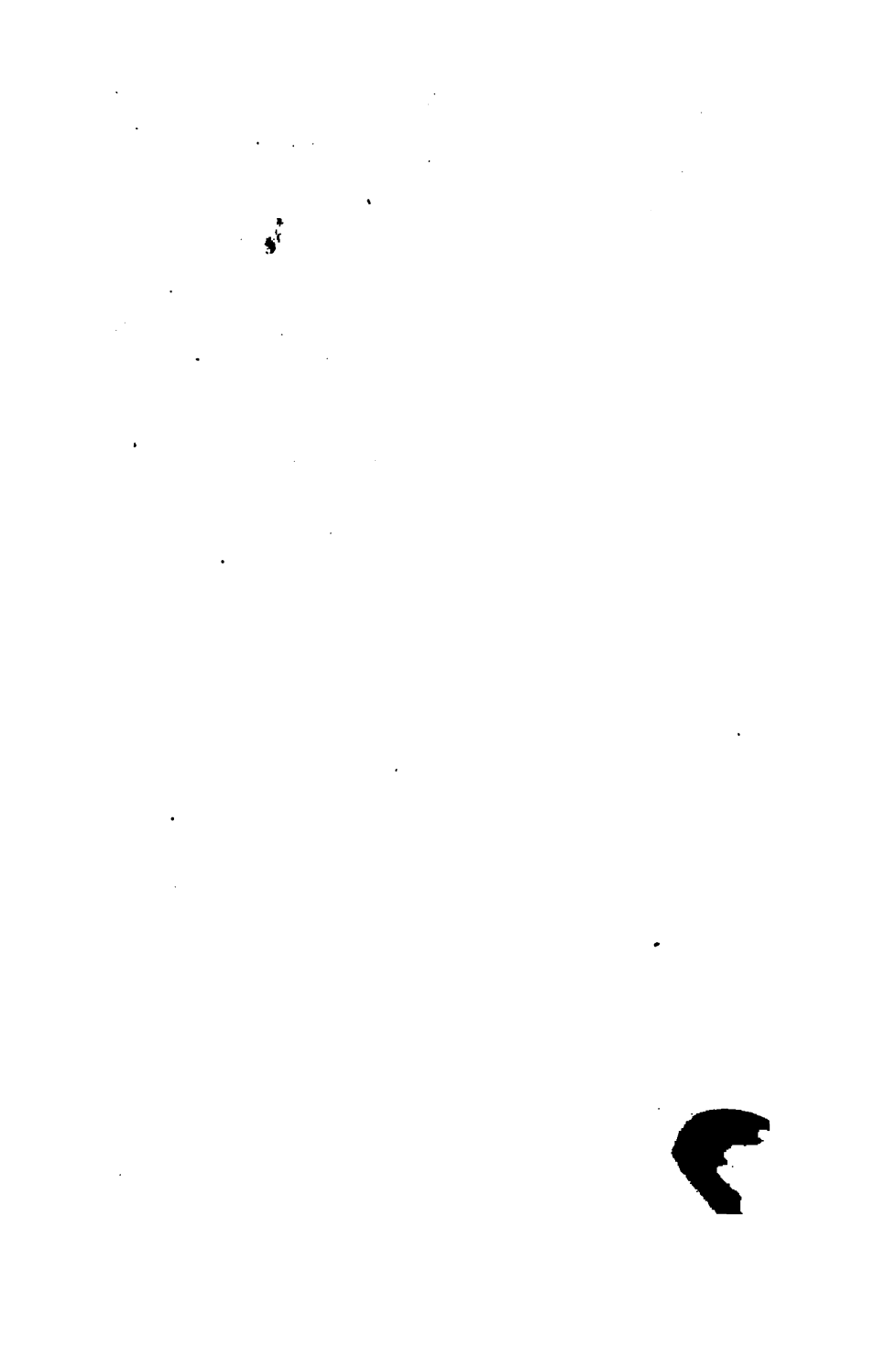
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N.L.





THE
BATTLE
OF
CRAIGNILDER,
A VERY ANCIENT
GALLOVIDIAN BALLAD;
ARRANGED FOR PUBLICATION, WITH AN
INTRODUCTION AND NOTES,

BY
James
CAPT. DENNISTON.

Arma Viramque cano.

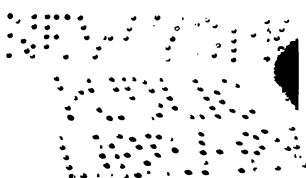
Virgil.

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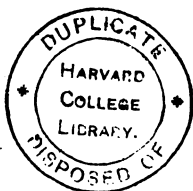
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PREFACE.

IN laying before the public this very ancient specimen of Gallwegian poetry, we had it at one time in *meditatione* to have given it in the original, without any alteration of the text, but a little time spent in reflecting on the subject served to convince us of the absurdity of the plan, as, independant of the obsolete provincialisms with which it abounded, which could be found in no Dictionary, having escaped the research of Dr Jamieson, and all other Scottish Lexicographers, we had before our eyes the fate of several reprints of our best ancient writers, such as Gavin Douglas, and Thomas the Rymer, who instead of obtaining the station to which their learning and classical taste so well entitled them, are at this moment only cun-

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bering the shelves of the booksellers, unread and almost unknown; and that for no other reason than the idiomatical antiquity of the language, and their obsolete unintelligible orthography.

These reflections led us to attempt to modernize the costume of our original, and to bring it before the public in a less objectionable garb. And how we have succeeded in our endeavour we leave to their decision.

Creetown, April, 1832.

INTRODUCTION.

ALTHOUGH the province of Galloway may be considered as having formed a feudal adjunct of the kingdom of Scotland, yet its having been raised to the dignity of a principality, in or about the time of Malcolm Canmore, and its rank having been not only recognised, but guaranteed by subsequent monarchs, and its princes having formed matrimonial alliances with the royal family, they assumed a dignity, and maintained a splendour, rude though it may have been,

yet something in accordance with their political status.

The principality being thus under the government of its native princes, and subject to its own code of laws, and its boundaries being defined by the Atlantic on the West, and by a chain of almost impassable mountains, separating it from the mid-land districts of the kingdom, it remained for centuries immersed in the gloom of Egyptian darkness, uninlightened by a single ray of that intellectual flame, which was beginning to illumine the eastern shores of the kingdom, from its continental intercourse. Tenaciously adhering to its primitive customs, superstition, and traditions, the barbarous outline of the Scythian feature remained in bolder relief within the limits of the province, than in any other part of the kingdom south of the Tay.

It is true, indeed, that by the tenor of their

feudal servitude they had to join with the military array of the province, the general muster of the kingdom, when the King took the field in person : and they claimed as their right, the dangerous honour of leading the vanguard of the Army.

In proof of this, at the battle of Dran dhu, (Anglice, The Black Thorn,) fought between Alexander the Third, and Rolland prince and lord of Galloway, tradition says that the M'Donalds forming the right wing of the Royal Army, were opposed to the Gallovidian left, which was composed chiefly of auxiliaries from the north of Ireland. The Irish broke and fled at the first onset, which the King observing, is stated to have cried out, "There go the vanguard of Scotland, and look at them well my lords, for you are the first enemy ever saw their back in a battle field". To which one of the lords in attendance is

stated to have replied, "not so, Sir King these are their allies from Ireland, who have shown so much respect for their persons and so little for their honour. Wot ye that the vanguard of Scotland with this day be forth where their presence could well be spared and here in good time comes Sir Rollan to prove the truth of my blunt speech".

As the result of the battle and its political consequences are to be found at length in Buchanan's History of Scotland, although its locality is not mentioned by the historian, we shall follow up the digression no farther, but proceed to state, that after the death of Allan the power of its native princes seems to have been on the decline, and although they maintained a species of equivocal authority over their subordinate chiefs, it was rather nominal than real, and during the war of extermination, waged by England against the kingdom, soon after the death of Allan

under, and which, was maintained with a degree of vindictive rancour, not recognised amongst even the most barbarous nations of Europe, it would appear that their power, and even their dignity had been suspended, all the strong-holds of the province were garrisoned by the enemy, and continued so, with a few trifling exceptions, till the decisive battle of Bannockburn, by fixing the hero of Turnberry firmly on the throne, gave a new impulse to Gallovidian affairs.

Edward Baliol, the timid, wavering, yet legitimate prince of Galloway, although supported by English influence, and aided by an English army, made but a feeble defence against the claim of Edward Bruce, his bold and fiery competitor for the principality. The Brucean reign was of short duration, as Edward Bruce died soon after, and was succeeded by the avaricious and grasp-

ing family of Douglass, who having no claim to the principality, had their political rank restricted to the simple cognomen of *Lords* of Galloway. And whereas the ancient principality penetrated eastwards to the bounds of Ettrick forest, its eastern limits were now restricted to the Nith, which formed its line of demarcation from the borders of the county of Ayr, to the Solway firth.

- Archibald Douglas, Lord of Galloway, the hero of the following Ballad, appears from our early historians, to have been a dark, gloomy, and inaccessible man of blood, who cooped up in his almost impregnable castle of Threave, kept the surrounding country in a state of slavish subjugation to his will.

Many original anecdotes of this individual have been handed down in the country, independent of those recorded in history.

The murder of the Tutor of Bombie at last drew down on his head the vengeance of his Sovereign, which it required all his address, backed as it was by the influence of his powerful friends, to ward off.

There are many traditions respecting this turbulent nobleman, which we could put on record were they not so much at variance with what is stated in history respecting him, that they are altogether unworthy of notice. Out of a number before us we have selected one, which, although highly romantic, is current in the country about Castledouglass to this day, and although the detail has not been given by any historian coeval with the transaction, and although the facts may have been misrepresented in their passage from one generation to another, yet from the circumstantial manner in which it is told, we cannot withhold from it a partial assent, at least, to its probability.

It is stated that after the murder of the Tutor of Bombie, the King being enraged at the barbarous, cold-blooded duplicity of the East, and the evasion practised on the messenger bearing the royal mandate for M'Lellan's liberation, by inviting him to dinner, and causing his victim to be beheaded in the court of the Castle during the repast, he called together the Estates of the realm, before whom Douglass was cited to appear and answer for his treason. As this was a summons he had anticipated, and determined to resist, he called in his followers, and having put his Castle in the best possible state of defence, he quietly awaited the issue. Having been again summoned, and his defection recorded in due form, according to the legal statutes, he was then proclaimed a traitor, a price set on his head, and an army sent to waste his lands, and bring him in by force. The army proceeded to Galloway, and encamped on a

ising ground still pointed out, within a mile of the Castle.

Threave Castle stands on an island in the river Dee, whose channel it divides into two equal parts. The river here runs with considerable rapidity, over a bed of rugged rocks, broken into large fragments by the force of the current, which would render an attempt to ford it a dangerous operation, under the most favourable circumstances, but doubly so in the face of an enemy. Of all these facts Douglass seemed fully aware, he knew also from the rapidity of their march that they were unprovided with munitions of war to attempt a regular siege, particularly of cannon, which had for some time been used in the attack and defence of fortified places. These considerations having been duly weighed, he not without some shew of reason, anticipated that the threatened storm would soon blow over; he had wasted the country around, provisions must soon fail the invaders, which of itself would force them to

retrace their steps; and once more at liberty, he trusted through the influence of his powerful family and friends, coupled with the signal services he had on former occasions rendered the country; that these taken collectively would so operate on the feelings of his kind hearted Sovereign, that his pardon would easily be procured for an offence which was often viewed only as a venial error in these barbarous times.

But the chief who commanded the expedition, whose name has not been preserved, being a man of enterprising mind, was not to be so easily diverted from his purpose, he had received his sovereign's commands, and was resolved to exert himself to the utmost to carry them into effect. He reconnoitred the castle, and became sensible of the impossibility of carrying it by assault, neither was he in possession of the means of beseiging it in form; yet something he was resolved to do, or at least, attempt to do. In the im-

mediate vicinity of his encampment there lived a sturdy blacksmith, who with his seven brethren pursued their laborious vocation. To this man he applied to make him a cannon, a task which he cheerfully undertook, as the whole country groaned under the tyranny of Douglass, and would, to a man, have contributed their aid in bringing him to justice. The labour went on, and in a short time the cannon was declared to be ready for service. Tradition reports that it was constructed of staves and hoops of iron, after the manner of a water bucket, and that each brother contributed a *gad*, that is, a bar of iron, to complete the work. It was then mounted on a carriage something resembling a mortar bed, and conveyed to a spot judged proper for trying its effects on the castle.

Douglass was perfectly aware of the preparations of the enemy, and not much acquainted as would appear, with the effects:

of artillery, he held the whole scheme derision, and to manifest his contempt, what he considered an imbecile effort to reduce him; he is said to have suspended a goat by the heels to the flag-staff, a mark for the enemy to shoot at; and then sat down to dinner with his friends.

At length this formidable piece of Ordnance was brought to bear on the Castle, formidable in every sense of the term; it certainly must have been, according to our opinion, (and we happen to know something of the matter,) as from the manner of its construction; the firing it was an achievement fraught with peril. Fired: was however, and so true was its aim that the ball passed through the dining-room window; swept over the Table; demolished what lay in its way, and lodged in the opposite wall. This was rather a serious commencement; the company leaving the ta-

aded with the untasted viands, sought
 elter in the recesses of the Castle, less
 posed to the Cannonade. The Gun was
 scharged a second time, and again the
 ot took effect; it struck the North-east
 ngle of the wall, and brought down
 large mass of the building direct
 beneath the parapet. The Earl beheld
 ith dismay the enemy exulting in their
 access, and actively preparing for a third
 ischarge, no time was therefore to be
 ost, he caused the unfortunate goat to
 e instantly relieved from his perilous and
 ncomfortable elevation, and supplied his
 acant place with a white Flag, and at
 he same time sent a flag of truce to the
 nemy's camp, to negotiate terms of sub-
 mission: but nothing could be granted but
 an unconditional surrender, and to underlye
 he sentence of the Estates of the realm.
 To this alternative the Earl had made up

his mind not to submit, his resolution was soon taken, he sent back his messenger with instructions to negotiate for the safety of his followers, and to treat for the neutrality of his Castle, and indemnity for those who had joined him: all which he acceded to, on condition he delivered himself up. But as this formed no part of his plan, the general of the Royal forces, penetrating his design, which was merely to gain time, retained his Emissary arranging his army in battle array, marched forthwith on the Castle, not forgetting the Cannon which had done such signal service and which they conveyed through an intervening morass on wooden rollers. Douglas saw their approach, and aware of their hostile designs, packed up all his plate and other valuables, and having deposited them in the dungeons of the Castle, excavated far beneath the bottom of the riv-

he opened a communication between it and the vaults beneath, which soon filled them with water; he then left the Castle and marched with his retinue up the west side of the river, to a place called Camp Douglass, where he took up a strong position and seemed determined to give battle, should the Royal Forces venture to attack him.

The Castle thus abandoned, was taken possession of by the victors, and remained in the hands of the King ever after. All attempts to recover the innundated treasures both then, and at subsequent periods, have been hitherto unsuccessful; and they are asserted by the neighbouring peasantry to be still imprisoned in the dungeons of the Castle, and will ultimately be the reward, of the adventurous individual who shall succeed in draining off the water from the vaults.

Such is the tradition respecting the eject-

ment of Archibald Douglass, from his Bar-
onial strong hold, and though some parts
of it are at variance with history, and
perhaps more of it with fact: yet as it
has obtained an unqualified degree of credit
amongst the inhabitants of the district, we
submit it to the public without a single
comment; and shall only add, that many
circumstances have been omitted, that we
may have room, for matter of graver
importance.

To sum up the character of Douglass
in a few words, he was a brave, experien-
ced and daring Soldier, and one who had on
many occasions done signal service to the
kingdom. But these virtues were tarnished
by grasping avarice and boundless ambition;
and when he had an end in view, a total
disregard of the means by which he at-
tained it. Vindictive in his resentments, he
shed blood like water, and treacherous in

His friendships, those to whom he was most indebted, could not calculate on his gratitude a moment. We must however, admit that when not swayed by interest, or prejudice, he was a stern, yet upright judge. He was in possession of much political cunning, and yet although he sometimes obtained the confidence, he never possessed the esteem of his Sovereign, this arose perhaps as much from the fears entertained of the undue preponderance of his powerful family, and the factious purposes to which it had so often been directed, as to any personal feeling against him as an individual, and many of the darkest shades of his character were merely the consequence of his political situation, and of the times he lived in.

Bound by ties of consanguinity in many instances, as well as early associations, to the line of their native princes; the Gal-

lovidian Barons viewed with suspicion not unmingled with contempt, every new dynasty imposed on them by successive Sovereigns; even the gallant, chivalrous Edward Bruce, rich in every manly grace, and Knightly exercise; and whose actions almost equalled in splendour the noble daring of the greatest Monarch that ever sat on the Scottish throne. Yet notwithstanding those almost irresistible recommendations to their favour; they would have given, nay, *did* give, a decided preference to the timid, heartless Edward Baliol: and why—only because they considered Bruce an usurper, and Baliol their legitimate Prince.

With a conviction that these feelings still maintained their ground in the breasts of the Gallovidian Nobility, what had Douglass to expect on his assumption of the government of the province; instead of friendly greetings, and an exchange of social inter-

se, he had to encounter gloomy looks, threats of latent mischief—the great aloof, and refused him even the common civilities due to his rank, and political situation—the middle, and lower orders, yielded him a species of reluctant licence, which they were ever ready to hold, when they could do so with impunity. And what was worse than gall and snood, to their already exasperated feeling, was the reflection, that their ancient principality was shorn of its beams, and reduced down to a Lordship, to render Government accessible to the Earl. This series of reception, and mode of treatment, was not likely to soothe the feelings, of proud and vindictive Douglass: he measured out indignity, for indignity, and returned scorn, with scorn; he was soon however made sensible of the precarious tenure by which he held his authority, many of the

Feudal Chiefs could on an emergency bring into the field a greater force than single-handed he was able to cope with: and although rent into factions, and engaged in perpetual broils with each other, they were always ready to lay aside their private feuds, and to band together in resistance of even the royal mandate itself, if it was issued through the medium of Douglass.

At the head of these stormy Chieftains, in his immediate vicinity, stood the Knight of Lochinvar, equal to Douglass in noble lineage, and ancient descent, and superior to him from the number of retainers he could bring into the field. He offered a most formidable barrier to the Earls schemes of agrandizement, and often arrested the descending sword of justice when its blade was directed against any who had placed themselves under his protection. Unable to cope with him in the field, Douglass had



recourse to stratagem, in which crooked line of policy he stood unrivalled. He had a kinsman of the name of Glendinning, a brave and attached follower, who had fought by his side in many a hardly contested battle, and whom he had amused with promises of future rewards, and aggrandizement, which he had never hitherto found it convenient to fulfil.

On his accession to the Lordship of Galloway, Glendinning became urgent with him for at least a partial *solatium*, for all the perils he had encountered in his service. Douglass after due deliberation on the matter, submitted a proposal, for his consideration, a proposal to which if he acceded he would lend him all the indirect assistance in his power. The fact of the case stood thus:—by the death of a man said to have been of the name of Muir, who left no legitimate heirs, an extensive

territory on the eastern side of Loch Lomond reverted to the crown : this was applied for, and as a reward for some service done the state, transferred by a new charter to the Knight of Lochinvar. The whole transaction having been secretly carried to effect, without the knowledge or agreement of Douglass, he felt indignant at the transfer ; first, as it added immense additional resources to his already too formidable power, and next, as an undue interference with his own political rights ; as Lord Superintendent of the province, he considered himself a reversionary legatee of all property which fell to the crown, within his government, or at least, that a new grant should only be issued, on his special recommendation, both these claims having been overlooked in the present instance ; he was determined to throw the whole of his powerful influence into the opposite scale.

and by some means or other, induce the king to nullify the grant, and to issue a new one in favour of some of his dependants, who being in possession of the lands in question, would offer an effectual barrier between him and his turbulent neighbour. But none to whom the Earl had hitherto made the proposal, would venture to incur the vengeance of the bold, headstrong and fiery Lochinvar. An opportunity now offered of matching him with a rival whose character formed an exact counterpart of his own ; the proposal was therefore made to Glendinning, and readily accepted by him, as soon as a new grant could be obtained, and on the express condition that Douglass should assist him in the event of his right being disputed.

This treaty having been secretly entered into, and its fulfilment guaranteed by both parties to their mutual satisfaction, an opportunity was soon afforded them of pre-



sending a petition to the king, praying for a
 resumption of the royal grant in favour of
 Lochinvar, and the issuing a new one to
 Glendinning, with some prospect of success.
 The fact was this:—A man named Andro'
 Cant had been dispatched from court on a
 secret mission to the chief of the M'Dowalls
 in Galloway, and carrying a protection under
 the king's hand and seal, addressed to all and
 sundry of his loving subjects, and command-
 ing them, on their allegiance, to pass the
 bearer through their several jurisdictions, keep-
 ing his person skaithless, and harmless, and
 supplying all his necessary wants on his journey,
 and that this they should do, as they should
 answer with their lives and fortunes, &c.
 Now this Andro' Cant having, instead of pur-
 suing his journey, as he ought to have done,
 been found loitering about the parish of Dalry
 for some days, and when questioned about
 the object of his journey, he assumed a lofty

tone, and talked with mysterious importance of himself and his mission, and hinted in an ambiguous manner, that he was deeply imbued with the secrets of the Court. As no direct information could be obtained from him, and as many circumstances tended to throw an air of suspicion over his whole character, he was therefore siezed and carried before the knight, to answer for himself in person. When questioned he replied with much haughtiness, and when threatened retorted threat for threat, pled the inviolability of his person, as a royal messenger, held out the impression of the royal signet as his safeguard, and drew an appalling picture of the vengeance that would be poured out on the heads of those who in any manner obstructed his journey. This was language which even a trimming courtier of the present day might have found it difficult to degest, but at the period to which we alude, could



not be listened to for a moment. The messenger was declared to be an impostor, his dispatches taken from him, and himself thrust into the dungeons of the Castle. A night's refreshing slumber on the one part, and cool reflection, not unmingled with a few gloomy forebodings on the other, exerted the most salutary influence over the minds of both the knight and his prisoner, he was brought from his cell, and having made an ample apology for his conduct on the previous evening, and a promise of proceeding on his mission without any farther delay. His packet was restored to him, and having received refreshment, he was honourably dismissed, under an escort, who were instructed to conduct him in safety beyond the bounds of the barony.

This story having reached the ears of Douglass, was siezed on with avidity, as affording a fitting opportunity for carrying his

plans into effect. A memorial was immediately got up, with which Douglass posted off to the court, wherein the facts were so warped, distorted, and misrepresented, that the king in a whirlwind of fury declared he would march against Lochinvar in person, and chastise him for his insolence. This under any other circumstance would have been in perfect accordance with the secret wishes of Douglass, but as matters stood, was in the present instance to be avoided. He knew that an explanation would be demanded in the first place, and when given, would place the whole transaction in a position so opposite to that in which he had represented it, that a reaction in favour of the knight, and against himself would be the probable consequence. He therefore waited till the first ebullition of royal wrath was beginning to subside, and then suggested that a milder punishment might perhaps equally answer the ends

of justice, without exposing the Royal person to the dangers of a Campaign in such a wild, and inaccessible country. He added the possibility of the statements having been exaggerated, although he admitted that sufficient must remain, after every deduction that could be made in favour of the Knight had been withdrawn, to subject him to some signal mark of the Royal displeasure, and he begged leave therefore to suggest, as an alternative, that the grant lately made him of the lands of Muir, should be cancelled, and a new charter issued to William Glendinning, a man who had bravely fought the battles of the state, had ever been a leal and faithful subject to his sovereign, and whose patrimony lying on the southern border of the kingdom, was at that time in possession of the English. This proposal was hailed by all present as a mild and equitable punishment for such an atrocious.

offence, the new documents were prepared in due form, and Glendinning was invested with full authority to go, and enter into the possession of his newly acquired territory. At the same time a royal messenger was sent to Lochinvar, to summon him before the states of the realm, for imprisoning a man bearing the Royal protection, for robbing him of his dispatches, and other high crimes and misdemeanours, and as a mark of the royal displeasure, to inform him that he was denuded of his newly acquired territory, which was bestowed on William Glendinning. No pen can do justice to the torrent of indignant feelings that burst from the lips of the gallant old chief, on receipt of this unexpected message. In the first transport of his wrath he vowed vengeance on all concerned in the nefarious transaction, and avowed his intention of taking the field, and marching against Douglass, whom he devoted to destruction,



denouncing him as the author, and instigator of the present plot against his character and life. Cooler and wiser reflections however soon superseded these rash and hasty resolves, and he in the first place determined to lay a faithful statement of the whole affair respecting Cant before the king, and refer him to the man himself in corroboration of the truth of his story. His next was to remain within his own boundaries, but to be in a state of preparation to defend them from all and sundry who might attempt to violate them.

In the mean time Glendinning retired to his own territories, and there contrived to raise a promiscuous rabble, consisting of the most desperate characters, outlaws and robbers, belonging to both sides of the Tweed, as an inducement to enter his service, he showed the royal grant in his favour, of a rich and fertile district, on the banks of a beautiful and romantic river;



where they should all receive establishments on the usual terms of feudal servitude, that is to say, acknowledging him for their chief, and obeying him as such. To men of broken fortunes and tarnished reputations this was a call not to be resisted, every day added to his numerical strength, so that in a short time he found himself at the head of a little army.

With this *omnium gatherum* of the outcasts and scum of society, Glendinning marched to take possession of his newly acquired estate. He used such expedition that on the evening of the third day he reached the baronial residence of his kinsman, and encamped in its immediate neighbourhood. Here he was joined by a body of the Earl's best troops, commanded (as some editions of the story has it) by his son, while others with a greater shew of probability assert it was by a nephew. We are led to adopt the latter opinion, for the following reasons; we are aware of no son the Earl had, except two

William and David, who were beheaded in Edinburgh Castle, at the instigation of Creighton the Chancellor, William being only sixteen; he therefore, could not have fallen at Spearford : but our principal reason is to be found in the following Ballad, which expressly mentions his nephew, and not his son. Who his nephew was we have been unable to discover, nor is it of the least importance, farther than that his death gave rise to the feud which led to the series of events detailed in the Ballad.

Lochinvar had arranged his plans with so much secrecy and judgment, that he was acquainted with every motion of Glendinning, he knew his strength to a man, and was prepared to give him a warm reception, should he venture into his territories. To this measure he was rather encouraged than deterred by the return of his messenger from the Court, by whom he learned that the council were satisfied

with the explanations he had given respecting the incarceration of Caut, and that although the King could not reverse the grant made in favour of Glendinning, yet that he might not suffer any loss by the transaction, he offered to confer on him a barony of equal value in the County of Wigtown. To this arrangement the old Knight seemingly assented, with this mental reservation that he would accept the one offered, without abandoning his claim on the other, which he would only resign when he found himself no longer in a situation to retain it. He was somewhat staggered in his purpose, however, when he learned that a division of troops, from the Castle, had joined Glendinning. This was an event he had not expected, as he judged the policy of the Earl would have induced him to maintain a strict neutrality, as, how much soever his inclinations might have led him to favour his kinsman's cause, his character as Lord superior would

have withheld him from compromising himself in a broil, the merits of which might ultimately be brought before him in his judicial capacity.

Staggered, but not intimidated by this intelligence, he dispatched trusty messengers to all the friends who had not already joined him, urging them to raise what power they could on the present emergency, and join him on the ensuing day. He then arranged his forces, and marched down the banks of the picturesque Lough Ken, and took up a position within a few hundred yards of the limits of the disputed property. "*Gordon's Camp*" is still pointed out by the peasantry, to antiquarian amateurs like ourselves.

Early in the ensuing morning, the enemy were seen advancing in two columns. The levies of Glendinning forming the one, and the household troops of Douglas the other. Some of the most experienced leaders of the Gordons on observing their numerical disparity, counselled the knight to retreat on their advancing aux-

liaries. This measure they assured him would answer a twofold purpose. It would throw the enemy off their guard under the impression that they were afraid to engage them, and it would allow their friends time to join, which if they did, would bring them nearer an equality in point of numbers, and even if they did not, a more judicious spot might be found to do battle on, than a level unsheltered meadow, with nothing to prevent their flanks being turned by the superior numbers of the enemy, and having the morning sun in their faces. To all this train of reasoning, Lochinvar turned a deaf ear, he assured them that the motely assemblage under Glendinning would break and fly at the very first onset, that they were a heterogeneous mass of uncemented materials, huddled together without order, and without any one common motive that could induce them to act in unison. That individually they might be formidable, but with so many conflicting interests to sway them

as they had individuals in their ranks, they would never be brought to band together when only one solitary object was to be attained, and where it required a simultaneous amalgamation of all their physical powers, as well as their mental faculties, to be directed to that object alone.

That although he saw the Earl's troops in the field, he could not for a moment entertain the belief that they were there with any hostile intention. They might indeed interfere so far as to save the disjointed fragments of Glendinning's rabble from total extirpation, but beyond that they would not go; nay, he assured them that the Earl himself were he even present, would not hazard the responsibility of violating his neutrality, being what he was, the King's Lieutenant in the province. That he might come indeed for the purpose of keeping the peace, but not of breaking it. That in conclusion, was from the king he received his lands, and to the king alone would he resign them, and

that he would resist to the last drop of his blood the attempt of any other to wrest them from him; that he would not leave his own boundaries to do battle with any one, but if attacked within the precincts of his Estate, he would defend it from invasion with his life and fortune, and before a foe should pollute its soil with his footsteps, or raise a hostile banner within its precincts, his head should be laid as low as the stone he stood on.

But to proceed, the battle commenced, and the predictions of Lochinvar seemed on the eve of being verified, the troops, (if such they might be called,) of Glendinning rushing forward in tumultuous irregular masses, met such a warm reception from the disciplined veterans of the Ken, that they broke and fled, and it required all the efforts of Glendinning and his friends to prevent the rout being final. By the most desperate exertions however, they were once more drawn up in rear of the Douglasses, and exhor-

ted by every interested tie that could bind them together, to behave like men, and not bring indelible disgrace on themselves and their cause by their cowardice, they were told that one effective charge would decide the fortunes of the day, and that it would fix an eternal stigma on their name, to be driven from the field by a handful of men, not half their numerical strength. Thus urged, they once more advanced with a show of resolution, and again were compelled to retrace their steps with more haste than they came on. The Gordons in the ardour of their pursuit, forgot in this instance their former caution, and determined that they should not rally a second time, pursued them over their marches, driving them before them past the Douglasses, who had hitherto remained spectators of the fray, nor were they sensible of their error till they were charged in flank by the Douglass Cavalry, which made terrible havoc amidst their irregular and scattered ranks.



In this charge the Knight of Lochinvar fell, some editions of the story say, by the hand of the leader, who himself shared the same fate, in single combat with the laird of Machermore.

The Gordons suffered great loss in the battle, but their enemies still more, as several of the Glendinnings were slain, as well as a number of the Earl's best troops. The Kensmen were however defeated, and the Glendinnings took possession of the disputed property, but for how long they were permitted to retain it in peace, may probably be told on some future occasion.

The Earl was indignant at the loss he had sustained, particularly in that of his Nephew, who was foully slain, as he gave out, while endeavouring to keep the peace between two hostile clans, and acting as mediator in their quarrel. He vowed vengeance against all and sundry who had aided or abetted the foul murder, particularly against the individual from whose hands he received his death, and swore he would never rest

till he had involved in one general ruin, the Laird of Machermore, and all that belonged to him, and had levelled his Castle to the foundation stone. For this purpose he raised all the forces he could gather on the emergency, and with these he marched in person to carry his threats into effect, and the result of his expedition forms the subject of the ballad.

These are the traditions of the country from which a few hasty extracts have been made, they were collected from some old people still alive, and will be recognised by them as given with fidelity on our part, but we take the liberty of stating on our own behalf, that we offer no guarantee for the truth of any part of the tradition. Fully aware of the little dependence that can be placed on this description of evidence, though almost in every instance based on fact, we have therefore, merely exercised our own discretion by applying the pruning knife to a few cumbersome and unnecessary excrescences, which while

they must have compelled us to exceed the limits of our present work, would have added little to its interest, while their admission would have interrupted the historical succession of events which it has been our endeavour to preserve.

Of the Ballad itself, or its merits, we shall say little, as fragments of it are still lingering in the recollections of some old people in the Stewartry. As a poetical composition it has few claims on public patronage, beyond the interest conveyed in the narrative. It is true, we have taken some liberties with the original, and made a few alterations in the orthography, having supplied the place of some words so provincially obsolete, as not to be understood by the general reader, by others more patent to their comprehension, and where a stanza was limping about in a mutilated state, we may have occasionally, supplied it with a *leg* or two, perhaps a *crutch* might have been a more proper designation, but no matter ; we



shall not quarrel about trifles. The verse looks better with, than without the requisite quantum of *limbs*, whether supplied by a bungler, like ourself, or a professional workman, who according to the literal phrase, might have made a better *job* of it. Beyond this, we disclaim all responsibility, and shall only apologise for our interpolations to those from whom we received the original, and by whom alone they can be detected.

It only now remains for us to state to the public, how the Ballad fell into our hands; and this we shall do with that candour which, we trust, has ever formed the leading feature of our public life.

About forty years ago, we heard a gipsey woman, who had been committed to Kirkcudbright jail, for some act of petty theft, sing a verse or two of it in her cell. This circumstance had escaped our memory, till about three years since, when we again recognised the

same verses sung by a person at a very advanced period of life, who was trying their effect as a sedative on the passions of a brawling grandchild. On enquiry, we were informed that she had learned the song from her mother, in her youth, and that it was of great length. On being urged to repeat it, she replied, that there were times when she could go over the whole of it, but that her memory failed her on other occasions, and that at the present, she could only repeat a verse or two, which we copied down.

As our visit was purely accidental, and at a considerable distance from our domicile, we made arrangements for having the whole of it committed to writing, at times when her recollection was least obscured, and after a few months delay, it was sent us, with a notice that her health and mental faculties were rapidly declining, and that it was much to be feared nothing more could be obtained from her. It is to be regretted, therefore, that after

all our labour it is only a fragment of the original song, but bearing the stamp of genuine Gallovidian production, from its minute detail of localities, and being evidently of great antiquity, we submit it to an indulgent public, as a relict of our early poetry, not altogether unworthy of their notice. We are of opinion it was never printed before, at least, it has never appeared in any collection of ancient poetry we have had access to, nor was it ever printed as a detached ballad, that we could learn.

In conclusion, it affords one amongst the many proofs we could adduce, that the late Mr Cromek knew little or nothing of our ancient poetry, nor was he in a situation that would have enabled him to obtain that knowledge. We have found, by experience, that it is only in the lonely sequestered glens, amongst a people retaining their primitive simplicity of manners, and attached to their local traditions, that any unrecorded fragments are to be found,

either in prose or poetry ; and even there, they are fast dying away. And under every circumstance, except in the eyes of some antiquarian visionary, like ourself, this is not much to be regretted, as they, in most instances, offer only a frightful picture of human turpitude, where all the stormy passions that add a darker shade to the savage character, stand marshalled in black array, with scarcely a single virtue to soften down the barbarous asperities of the outline. While an ambitious and blood-thirsty hierarchy, instead of pouring the oil of peace into their festering wounds, seared their consciences with the fire-brands of their dogmas, converting the temple of the God whom they professed to worship, into a pandemonium of Moloch, and assimilating their characters, by disfiguring his holy altars with hecatombs of human victims, and his courts with oceans of human blood.

Let us dwell no longer on the appalling retrospect, but offer up our tribute of grateful

thanksgiving, that though the mental morning of our forefathers was ushered in with clouds and tempests, yet that we, their more favoured descendants, are in the full enjoyment of a meridian sun, and unclouded atmosphere. Nor is the history of their conflicting æra without its use, as it points out to successive generations, like the milestone to the traveller, the distance we have gained in our intellectual journey.

BATTLE OF CRAIGNILDER.



BATTLE OF GRAIGNILDER.

O HEARD ye o' that gallant fray,
Was fought near Nilder's Scar man,
Whare Douglass met in fell array,
The fiery Lochinvar, man ?
For Galloway's Lord had sworn an aith,
In vengeance for his Nephew's death ;
That he would spend his dearest breath,
Wi' Sword, and Spear in harness graith,
And a' the means o' working scaith,
Culled out o' ruin's store, man,

That in the van
 He'd lead his Clan
 And harry Machermore, man.

Then round he sent the fiery cross,
 It flashed through wild Disdeer, man,
 And flickering through Filk dale and moss,
 It wakened up Troqueer, man.
 The Maxwells heard the martial tread,
 As round Lough Kinder's waves it sped,—
 Each buckled on his trusty blade,
 And frae the stall the charger led ;
 Their Clans in doughty harness clad,
 Sang out wi' merry glee, man,
 As fast they trode
 The winding road,
 Awa to bonny Dee, man.

Drumlanrick sent twa belted knights,
 And vassals five times ten, man ;
 Kilpatrick's twenty plaided wights
 Came rankin down the glen, man.

But at Minnyive the folks war sweer;
 They did not think the case was clear;
 Some buckled on their fighting geer;
 Some took the hills like hunted deer,
 Some gaed for love, and mae for fear
 O' Douglass and his clan man,
 While auld Pentpont
 Wha in the front
 Aye bore the brunt
 O battle dunt
 Led bauldly on the van, man.

Dundrennan gathered round their cairns;
 Kircubrie sent some sailors;
 Borgue hounded out her brosy bairns,
 And Twyname spued her Tailors.
 While round the shore by Kirkmabreck,
 The lads war aff, and ill to seek,
 The wives sat by the ingle cheek,
 The weans ran girning through the reek,
 The lasses gaed a wylie keek
 Before they drew the bar man,

For man an lad
 Had joined Muirfad,
 And aff to Lochinvar man.

But a laverock sang at Machermore,
 Aboon the castle wa' man,
 " O haste ye, gather friens in store,
 To guard your house an ha', man,
 For the Kintra's raised baith far and near,
 An Douglass comes in pomp o' weir ;
 I saw their Armour glancing clear ;
 The *bluidy heart* is on the spear ;
 Let feckless woman shed the tear,
 And trembling tell their beads, man,
 As ye're a man,
 Gie raise your clan,
 An' shaw your pith in deeds, man."

Then Machermore he started up
 His cheeks inflamed wi' wrath, man,
 Tossed in the fire his wassail cup,
 And buckled on his graith, man.



He roused M'Kie, and warned M'Kill,
 To bring their forces frae the hill;
 and Garlies famed for weapon skill,
 brought in his power wi' right guid will,
 and Castle Stewart led bye the Gill
 O' glancing spears a score, man,
 And Skeonchan's laird,
 And brave Glencaird
 Bore down on Machermore, man.

When a Knight rode up to Kenmure ha'
 Upon a foaming steed, man,
 says, Lochinvar your bugle blaw,
 Your frien's are sair in need, man.
 For Douglass comes wi' threatening boast,
 and at his heels a mighty host,
 He's scoured the land frae coast to coast.
 Bring us aid, or all is lost,
 He'll lae us nought to boil or roast
 O' a our winter's store, man.



Our barn and byre
 He'll scorch wi' fire,
 And ruin Machermore, man.

Then the war notes rang through Kenmure
 woods,

And Lauran's rocky braes, man,
 Folks threw aside their waukit duds,

And on wi' iron claes, man.
 Bauld Earlston soon lap the lin,
 And brought his gallant spearmen in;
 Glenlee has heard the martial din,
 And ta'en the road through thick and thin;
 Barskeoch soon tirmed at the pin,

Strongcastle's band was near, man,
 And sturdy lads,
 On mettled yaulds,
 Came prancing in their rear, man.

But louder yet the bugles swell,
 Rang pealing up the Ken, man,

Ahd frae ilk glen, and rocky dell

Marched troops o' gallant men, man.

Frae fair dame Hellen's island rock,

The Kennedys led out their folk;

Portmark aye first in Battle shock;

Knocksting, wha's death at every stroke,

Lugwyne, wha scorned the Douglass yoke,

And braved him to his face, man,

Wi' lightsome glee

On Kenmore lee,

Stood ranked in their place, man.

Bauld Brockloch scoured his fighting irons,

And mustered for the fiel', man ;

And Castlemody's burly bairns

Drew on their gloves o' steel, man.

Dundeuch has blawn his trumpet horn ;

Holm threw his flail amang the corn ;

And Lamloch's left his crap unshorn ;

And hurried to the trysting thorn ;

Auld Todstown cantered through the burn .

Wi' twenty at his back, man ;
 And stout Knock Grey,
 And mony mae
 Sped after on their track, man.

The widow's son, lang Geordie Grier
 Marched stoutly after his chief,
 Though he had neither sword nor spear,
 His flail did muckle mischief.
 He was a tall and stately bairn,
 His staff was ash, his souple airn,
 He won it frae the stout Glencairn,
 The day he came to wrack Carsphairn,
 Though he was stalwart, stoor and stern,
 Yet that could nought avail, man,
 He got his whacks,
 For a' his cracks,
 And Geordy gat the flail, man.

Now dark December's wintry snore,
 Rang through the leafless wood, man,

Ilk stream poured down wi' angry roar,
A dark, and foaming flood, man,
The win' blew by in gousty thuds
And shook the windows o' the cluds ;
The hail fell down in bitter scuds,
And rattled aff their jingling duds ;
Fast o'er the muir the mawking whids
To shelter in the lee, man ;
While Horsemen dash
And footmen plash
Across the roaring Dee, man.

Now Thrave rung out a warlike peal,
Camp-Douglass heard the storm, man,
And serried groves o' sheeny steel
In dusky columns form man ;
The horsemen capered on the flanks,
And ranged in line their straggling ranks,
The guides led on through moors and stanks,
By shingley braes, and mossy banks,
Nae time was lost in gleesome pranks ;

The timid and the brave man,
 Did halt in brief,
 To wait their chief,
 By Skerrow's desert wave, man.

On Grobdale's braes the Trumpet's tone
 Aroused the timorous Deer, man,
 And on the pennons fillet zone
 The *spur* was glancing, clear, man.
 Frae rank to rank arose the cry
 "A Douglass" echoed through the sky,
 The rocks sent back a hoarse reply,
 The Eagle soared to heaven's eye,
 The gleaming falcions flashed on high,
 The Clarions poured their strain, man,
 Till Douglass wight,
 Soon gained the right,
 And led them o'er the plain, man.

Then fast they sped their weary path
 Through mony a boggy flow, man,
 O'er rugged straths o' purple heath
 And shapeless rocky know, man,

Till Cairnsmure rose their march to bar,
 Like Titan seamed wi' battle-scar,
 Wi' misty mantle waving far;
 And crest that braved the tempest's war,
 The bugle's note like leading star,
 Toiled up Craig Rannald's brae, man,
 The torrents dashed,
 The lightning flashed,
 The bauldest hearts grew wae, man.

But a trusty scout came down the fell,
 Wi' wat an' weary feet, man.
 Says Gordon, I hae news to tell,
 The Earls o'er the Fleet, man,
 On Laurie's Craig I took my staun'
 An' saw them bravely breast the straun',
 Twae hunner horsemen led the van,
 The pride o' a' the Douglass clan,
 The footmen followed man to man,
 A thousand in their rear, man,
 Wi' braid swords true,
 An' bows o' yew,
 An' mony a sheeny spear, man.

Then Loathinvar's young henchman bold,
 Rade blythely through Palnure, man,
 To rouse the chieftan frae his hold,
 And hurry up his power, man ;
 Wi' tumult fierce the Castle rang,
 Wi' bugle's peal, an' trampet's twang,
 The gates flew apen wi' a bang,
 An' o'er the brigg the horsemen sprang,
 The foot stood ranged behind the thrang,
 Their spears glanced in the Cree, man,
 Now gallant lads
 Lead on your squads.
 We'll cow the cuifs frae Dee, man.

Now a brisk young squire cam prancing ben,
 As fast as he could prick, man,
 Says, haste ye Gordon range your men,
 Lord Archibald's through the nick, man,
 He's stealing down the misty heath,
 Nae war-note marks his silent path,
 Nor whisper frae the bugles breath,

But still, as a' were sealed in death,
 Nae falcion rattles in the sheath,

Nor pennon flaps the cloud, man,

He'll quickly form,

His battle storm,

Beneath the mountain shroud, man.

Bauld Cardoness led on the van,

In studded steel bedlight, man,

He was ane stout an stalwart man

As ever sword did knight, man.

Their lines extended cross the plain,

Their flanks concealed the Archer train,

With twanging bows ne'er bent in vain,

And quivers filled wi' iron rain;

The war pipe lent no cheering strain,

The ranked power stood still, man,

The plaided scout,

Stept briskly out

To watch the misty hill, man.

Doun Corwar's brae the battle tide
 Poured sweeping to the glen, man
 And up the river's rocky side ;
 Stand fast ye lads o' Ken, man.
 They croud Craignilder's shingly fell,
 Wi' shout, and scream, and battle yell,
 The peal re-echoed up the dell,
 As fiends in air spoke fiends in hell ;
 In clouds the pattering arrows fell,
 Each Spear was in the rest, man.
 The Trumpets brayed,
 The Chargers neighed,
 High towered each frowning crest, man.

Then Kenmure waved his yellow hair,
 His voice rang up the cleugh, man ;
 " Strike boldly for your mountain fair
 The maids on Ken, an' Deuch, man,
 Their horsemen come wi' boisterous cheer
 Doun to the charge each pointed spear,
 Draw the tough bowstring to the ear,

Dint wi' the axe their harness geer,
 We'll stop them in their wild carreer,
 And drive them in the flood, man.
 Its roaring waves
 Shall be their graves,
 Deep purpled with their blood, man."

Then fierce they met in battle crash;
 Wild rose the shriek o' death, man;
 In splinters flew the quivering ash;
 Dark plaids bestrowed the heath, man.
 The hoarse war surges onwards toil,
 And like a cauldron foam, and boil,
 Grim death stalked o'er the slippery soil,
 And grinned, and clasped his gallant spoil;
 The Eagle fled the loud turmoil
 That filled the waste wi' strife, man,
 With heavy moans
 And dying groans
 And wretches twin'd o' life, man.

* * * *

Hark, frae Dunottery's rocky height,
 A shout comes on the gale, man,



And lightning's flash reflected bright,
 From crests and burnished mail, man ;
 On dark Craighdu's sequestered plain,
 M'Clurg has ranged his gallant train,
 The Trumpet lent its stirring strain,
 The standards flashed like shallops vane,
 The gallant band wi' might and main,
 Dashed fiercely through the wiel, man,
 O'er Saddle tore
 The waters roar
 And dim their jacks o' steel, man.

* * * * *

Bauld Cardoness was sair bested,
 His noble steed was slain, man,
 His bravest gorged the rivers bed ;
 Or strewed the bloody plain, man,
 As swift as pebble frae the sling,
 Fierce Douglass charged the staggering wing,
 The axe descends with murderous swing,
 The Targets rend, and helmets ring,
 The broadswords gash, and lances sting ;

The fainting flank confound, man,

Yet with spear and targe

They stood the charge,

And bravely kept their ground, man.

When Kenmure saw the Knight's distress,

His heart-strings bled wi' grief, man,

He called young Grier frae the press,

And bade rescue the chief, man.

The Galliard sped wi' martial stride,

And fifty Gordons by his side,

They pierced the ranks baith deep and wide ;

The bluid rushed like a flowing tide,

The Douglass horse for a' their pride

War fairly put to flight, man,

Wi' helmets cracked,

An harness hacked,

For a' their boasted might, man.

With vengeful speed fierce Douglass flew,

Whare rung the swinging flail, man,

He saw the muster on Craighdu,
 His heart began to quail, man,
 He checqued his routed squadron's flight,
 And urged them to renew the fight,
 "With eagle's speed, and lion's might ;
 Down with your spears, and crush their right,
 M'Clurg's array is full in sight,
 And scowering down the lee, man,
 Once break the van,
 Then man to man,
 We'll skelp the lads o' Cree, man."

The Gordons eyed the threatening charge
 Wi' hearts devoid o' fear, man ;
 Each firmer braced his studded targe,
 And grasped his bloody spear, man.
 Like thunder cloud by tempest driven,
 Or meteor's flight through starry heaven,
 So fierce they came, what blows were given ?
 What helmets crushed, and souls unshriven ?
 The Kensmen's horse, scarce three to seven
 Maintained the fatal pass, man.

Midst blood an wrack
 They bore them back,
 An' stood like wall o' brass, man.

As foaming torrents frae the hill
 Surcharged wi' beating rain, man,
 Swells to a flood ilk tinkling rill,
 An' desolates the plain, man.
 So doun the dingly mountain glen,
 Bauld Machermore led on his men,
 They lap the stanks wi' nimble sten,
 An' roused the wild boar frae his den,
 Then loudly cheered the lads o' Ken,
 Wha's valour kept the fiel', man,
 Then raised each targe,
 An' to the charge
 They rushed wi' glaives o' steel, man.

The Earl dealt his weighty blows
 As snell as biting hail, man,
 When up a fearful cry arose :
 "Lord Archibald 'ware the flail, man."

It hit him on the head a crack,
 The burnished helmet gaed to wrack;
 The souple doubled down his back
 And rent baith mail and plated jack,
 Then down he fell wi' heavy thwack,
 The Gordons raised a shout, man,
 When horse an' man
 Broke aff an' ran,
 Nor ever looked about, man.

The Douglass muster blae wi' grief
 Wi' mony a weary plash, man,
 Laid on a bier their wounded chief,
 And hurried past Delash, man,
 When loud behind the tumult rose,
 The victor's shouts, and ringing blows,
 The sturdy archers plied their bows,
 And flanes fell thick as winter snows,
 They spread a supper for the crows,
 On dark Bardrochwood fell, man,

The misty cloud
 Their chilly shroud,
 And thunder-peal their knell, man.

Then Kenmure raised his mailed hand
 And called on Machermore, man,
 To haste and scale the mountain band,
 And meet them at the Dore, man,
 Up brauling Greddick's drumly trough,
 They took the brae wi' souple hough,
 The burn ran down wi' clamorous sough,
 Ilk boggy flow was turned a lough,
 Though deep they sank in mony a slough,
 They warstled up the Bight, man,
 Then downwards rushed
 Whare torrents gushed
 To dare the coming fight, man.

On wild Kilcronchie's grizzly height
 The foe had ta'en their stan, man

Few thought o' life, and nane o' flight,
 But death wi' sword in han', man,
 For Gordon fierce pursued their rear,
 Wi' axe, an' glaive, an' bluidy spear ;
 His bowmen sent them sorry cheer,
 They thinned their ranks like stricken deer,
 Each shaft unlocked a widow's te ar ;
 Or raised an orphan's wail, man,
 But sword or axe
 Gied weanly whacks
 [Compared wi' Geordy's flail, man.

Dumlanrick horsemen sheathed the sword,
 And buckled up the spear, man,
 Placed on a steed their wounded lord,
 And galloped to the rear, man ;
 They left behint baith faes and frien's,
 An' took the ford beneath Demiens,
 They past Drumruck's wild forest screens,
 In simmer clad wi' flowery geens ;
 Though floods rowed o'er the level green,
 They bauldly took the wave, man,

Then Cruffock moss
 They sped across,
 And halted at the Threave, man.

Now o'er Kilchronchie's heathery flank,
 The yell o' battle rang, man,
 An' roun' the Shiltrum's treble rank,
 The fatal bowstrings twang, man,
 Then came the hour o' fearfu' strife,
 They tugged, an' thurst, an' strove for life,
 Some thought o' weans, an' some o' wife,
 Whan ranks grew thin, an' corses rife,
 Whan swords war broke they drew the knife.
 An' kept their faes at bay, man,
 Till night down fell,
 As mirk as hell,
 An' then they stole away, man.

The Kensmen mustered on the bent,
 Their watch-fires shed a glare, man,

D'er broken helms wi' blood besprent,
 An' flashed through murky air, man.
 I' Clurg's brave band soon crossed the bog.—
 The ruddy wine flowed in the cog,
 An' though they hadna mickle prog,
 They piled the gleed wi' mony a log,
 Till rangers came wi' steer an' hogg,
 Whan soon the feast was spread, man,
 The watch gaed roun'
 The host lay down,
 Each belted in his plaid, man.

* * * * *

Dundrennan lasses turn your wheels,
 Lick aff the schowy stoor, man,
 Twine winning sheets for gallant chiels,
 Wha fell on grey Pulnure, man,
 Bring water frae Saint Cuthbert's spring,
 Let requiems roun' the altar ring,
 Pu' death plumes frae the raven's wing

Let tapers blaze, an' censers swing,
While sandalled priests their han's may wring,
An' widows raise the wail, man ;
Let Ken's fair maids
Weave flowery braids
To deck the deadly flail, man.

* * * * *



NOTES.



NOTES.

Page 53, line 5th.

For Galloway's Lord.

Amidst the multifarious ramifications of the noble name of Douglass, we have had some difficulty in identifying the Earl Archibald, alluded to in the text.

Archibald the fourth Earl of Douglass, and first of the name, was, according to the Chartulary of Murray, coeval with Alexander the third of Scotland, and consequently of him we have no more to say.

Archibald the tenth Earl of Douglass, second of the name, and first lord of Galloway, who was commonly called Tyneman or Little man, was according to an original Charter of King Robert Bruce, preserved in the chartulry of the house of Erskine, "*Diletto, ac fideli, nostro Archibaldo de Douglass, pro homagio et serveto suo*," of certain lands in Galloway, and Buchan in the shire of Aberdeen; and Crawford says, that king Robert, who had conferred the title of Galloway on his brother Edward Earl of Caithness, after his death bestowed it

on Archibald; and that he was afterwards designed lord of Galloway, is attested by many historians both Scottish and English, as Knight.—*Tyr. Hist. Boethius, Sympson, Home, Maitland, &c.*

Now we shall give our reasons for rejecting "Tyneman," as the individual alluded to in the Ballad. And first, we do not find from any of our old historians, that he ever resided in Galloway, but on the contrary, that as he constantly held some official situation, or employment about the king's person, his domicile was regulated by the motions of the court. Nor do we find from any authority that he was ever in Galloway, except when as general of the royal forces, he defeated Baliol at Annan, in the year 1332, as shown by Fordun, lib. xiii. chap. 25. And lastly, he was, according to the same author, killed at the battle of Halidon Hill, in 1333, a period which must have preceded the events detailed in the Ballad.

Neither in our opinion, could it have been Archibald the third of that name, Earl of Galloway, as, according to Fordun, he succeeded his brother James, in 1388, and on account of his swarthy complexion was commonly called "the grim," he in his father's lifetime, was sent to France, and we hear little more of him, neither does it appear that he ever resided in Galloway.

Archibald the fourth of that name, Lord of Bothwell, Galloway and Annandale, had, according to Fordun, a new charter granted him, including Bothwell and Annandale, dated at Haddington, 2nd October, 1409. He never was in Galloway, in so far as we can learn, on the contrary he was sent to France with a levy of 10,000 men, where after rendering signal service to Charles VII, Fordun says he fell at the battle of Verneuil, fighting against the English under the Duke of Bedford.

We pass from him therefore, to Archibald the fifth of that name, Earl of Douglass, and Lord of Bothwell, Galloway and Annandale. and waiving his French titles, Fordun says he was designed Earl of Wigtown, in his father's lifetime, and succeeded him in 1424. We would with all due deference to the opinion of those who may think otherwise, suggest that this Archibald was the hero of the Ballad, and shall here state the grounds

on which we bottom our assertion. Fordun says that when a young man he went to France, with the Earl of Buchan his brother-in-law, and 7000 auxiliaries, that in 1422 he returned to Scotland for more recruits, but being indisposed, was not in a condition to return with them, when his father got the chief command; that about this time he began to build the strong Castle of Threave, wherein, according to the traditions of the country, he was aided by sorcery: that he had a sister (the Lady Mary Douglass) married to Sir John Glendinning of that ilk, and that he lived afterwards at Threave Castle, in Gallo-way.

Rymer, in his *Fœdra*, says also "that he went ambassador to England, in conjunction with Henry bishop of Aberdeen, and Sir William Hay of Errol, to treat about king James's ransom, which they happily accomplished; and returned to Scotland with their royal master the same year." Abercrombie also states that "he was Lord Lieutenant, and governor of the kingdom, in the beginning of the reign of James the second." And Buchanan also says, that "Glendinning followed him through all his wars with the English, and being a brave, faithful, and devoted follower, he gave him his sister in marriage."

From this mass of concurring evidence we beg leave to draw the following deduction. He was the first of the name who had a permanent residence in the province.—He was also the brother-in-law of Glendinning, and, in all probability, it was his sister's son who fell at Spearford, and whose death led to the chain of events that terminated in the battle of Craginilder.

Such of our readers as feel an interest in the early history of our country will not, we indulge a hope, make the length of this note a ground of quarrel with us; but should our small volume fall into the hands of those who, sailing down the current of time, never venture a retrospective glance over the *stern*, but who, like Dante, "would consign yesterday to oblivion," to such, if any such there be, we reply, once for all, that as the value of the Ballad as a historical fragment, depended entirely on our being able to identify the principal personages who figured in the drama, and to bring them together on the scene of action so as to render the circumstances, when taken collectively, at

least within the range of probability. And keeping this object in view, we trust the extract we have made will not be found irrelevant.

Had the battle of Craignilder been on historical record, all this labour on our part might have been dispensed with, but so long as it rests merely on traditional authority, we feel ourself justified in giving it all the authenticated support we could obtain from our early historians.

Page 54, line 3.

And ruin Machermore, man.

THE family of Machermore, whose name according to Symson, and other authorities, was originally M'Clurg, was at one time of considerable respectability in Galloway. The first of the family was the youngest of three sons, which the "Gude wife of Craigencallie," as she was familiarly called, had to three several husbands, and the lands in question forming a part of the thirty pound lands of Hassock and Cumlodan" were granted him by a charter from king Robert Bruce, for services done him in his wars with England.

We trust we shall be acquitted by the reader for the length of the following extract from "Symson's history of Galloway," a work which has never found its way into the hands of the Public. It was first printed in Edinburgh in 1684, and a reprint of a very small edition, together with some original manuscripts was thrown off in 1823, but as it was limited to 150 Copies, and these chiefly circulated amongst the clergymen forming the Synod of Wigtown and Galloway, it has never got into general circulation. The portion of the work from which we transcribe is the M'Farlane MSS. in the Advocate's Library, vol. 1st. page 517, Jac. 5th. 4th. 19th. article—Paroch of Minnigaff, and though the outline of the story has been given by a few Scottish historians, yet none have entered so minutely into the detail as the author from whom we quote, this we trust will be held an ample excuse for our giving the article entire.

"KING Robert (Bruce) being by a part of the English army defeat in Carick, fled into the head of Loch Die, to a few of his broken partie, and lodging in a widow's house in Craighencallie; in the morning she observing some of his princely ornaments, suspected him to be a person of eminence, and modestly asked him in the morning if he was her Leidge Lord. He told her yes,—and was come to pay her a visit; and asked her if she had any sons to serve him in his distress. Her answer was, that she had three sons to three several husbands; and that if she was confirmed in the truth of his being their Sovereign, they should be at his service. He askt her farther if she could give him any thing to eat. Her answer was, there was little in the house but agust meal and goat's mill, which should be prepared for him; and while it was making ready, her three sons did appear, all lusty men. The King askt them if they would cheerfully engage in his service, which they willingly assented to; and when the King had done eating he askt them what weapons they had, and if they could use them? They told him they were used to none but bow and arrow. So as the King went out to see what was become of his followers, all being beat from him but 300 men, who had lodged that night in a neighbouring glen. He askt them if they could make use of their bows? M'Kie the eldest son let fly an arrow at two Ravens, perching upon the pinnacle of a rock above the house, and shot them through both their heads. At which the King smiled, saying, I would not wish he aimed at me. Murdoch the second son, let fly at one upon the wing, and shot him through the body; but M'Lurg the third son had not so good success.

In the mean time, the English upon the pursuit of K. Robert were encamped in Moss Raploch, a great flow on the other side of the Die. The King observing them, makes the young men understand that his forces were much inferior. Upon which they advised the king to a stratagem; that they would gather all the horses wild and tame in the neighbourhood, with all the goats that could be found, and let them be surrounded, and kept all in a body by his soldiers in the afternoon of the day, which accordingly was done. The neighing of the horses, with the

horns of the goats, made the English at so great a distance, apprehend them to be a great army, so durst not venture out of their camp that night; and by the break of day the King with his small army attacked them with such fury, that they fled precipitantly, a great many being killed; and their is a very big stone in the centre of the flow, which is called the king's stone to this day, to which he leaned his back, till his men gathered up the spoil; and within these thirty years there were broken swords, and heads of pikes gut in the flow, as they were digging out peats.

The three young men followed close to him in all his wars with the English, in which he was most successful, that at last they were all turned out of the kingdom, and marches established 'twixt the two nations, and the soldiers and officers that followed him were put in possession of what lands were in the English hands, according to their merit. The three brothers, who had stuck close to the king's interest, and followed him through all dangers, being askt by the king, what reward they expected? answered very modestly, that they never had a prospect of great things; but if his Majessty, would bestow upon them the thirty pound land of the Hassech and Cumlodan, they would be very thankful; to which the king cheerfully assented, and they kept it long in possession.

The line of M'Lurgs first failing in heir male, matched with one Captain Heron, a second brother of Sir Cuthbert Heron of Chipchace, in Northumberland, and was called Cumlodan Heron M'Lurg till this day."

The M'Dowalls of Fisguil broke in at last upon a part of the Estate, upon which Peter built the Castle of Machermore; it went from him to a Cadet of the Dumbars of Enterkin.

Page 54, line 5.

It flashed through wild Disdeer, man.

Douglas, as Lord of Annandale appears to have raised a part of his forces from his newly acquired fief.

Page 54, line 8.

The Maxwells heard the martial tread.

Maxwell of Caerlaverock, one of the most powerful chiefs in the south of Scotland, was created Earl of Nithsdale, in 1618. The father of the first Earl fell in the battle of Dryfe Sands, fought in the month of December 1593 against the Johnstons of Annandale.

Page 54, line 17.

Drumlanrick sent twa belted knights.

Archibald fourth Earl of Douglas of that name, and first Lord of Annandale, obtained a charter of the lands of Drumlanrick, and others in that Stewartry, as will be found in a charter in the public Archives, as referred to by Douglas in his peerage.

Page 55, line 1.

But at Minnyvie the folks were sweer.

This district bordering on the territory of the Gordons, they might not have found it a safe measure to provoke the vengeance of that powerful Sept, and therefore might with much propriety, have been backward to engage in actual hostilities against their friends.

Page 55, line 7.

While auld Pentpont.

Whether this refers to the parish, or to some individual famed for his prowess we have not been able to learn.

Page 55, line 12.

Dundrennan gathered round their cairns.

It was nothing uncommon for religious houses to hold their lands on the usual terms of feudal servitude, and to furnish a certain number of men equipped for the field, when summoned by their chief, but whether any lands were held by the Abbey of Dundrennan on this tenure, we have not been able to ascertain.

Page 56, line 2.

Had joined Muirfad.

The Gordons of Muirfad were cadets of the family of Lochinvar, the last Laird of Muirfad (Andrew Gordon) died in the year 1513. There is a tradition still current in this country that there had been a feud existing some time between this Laird and M'Culloch of Barholm, and that as M'Culloch was passing with his retinue on a visit to Heron of Bargaly, he was seen by Muirfad, who having a musketoon, or wall piece, as they were sometimes called, snatched it up and flew to the parapet of the Castle, and as M'Culloch was passing Stramadie, about a mile distant, he took aim and fired, and although he missed the Laird, he carried off the bow of his saddle.

Page 56, line 11.

The bloody heart is on the spear.

The heart and winged spur, the cognisance of the family of Douglass.

Page 57, line 1.

He roused M'Kie and warned M-Kill.

M'Kie of Larg, one of the three families of Cumlodan, as shown in Note, Page 54. We can find no family of note that bore the agnomen of M'Kill, nor is any mention made of a family of that name by Symson, or any of our early historians.

Page 57, line 3.

And Garlies famed for weapon skill.

The Royal, and noble name of Stewart has so often been treated of biographically by our historians, that anything we could say on the subject could answer no other purpose than to swell our little work beyond our prescribed limits, without our being able to throw any additional light on the subject. Symson, Page 135, says they were called Thaners of Dalawinton, and Rymer in his *Fædra*, Page 35, which (is also referred to in a charter in the public Archives;) says, that Dame Marian Stewart, daughter and sole heiress of Sir William Stewart of Dalawinton, and Garlies, who was married to her cousin John Stewart, son of Sir William Stewart of Jedburgh, Sherriff of Teviotdale, and one of the greatest heroes of his time. He was son of Sir John Stewart of Jedburgh, fourth son of Sir John Stewart of Bonkill, younger brother of Sir Walter of Dalawinton, and Great Grandfather of this Marian. He, according to Stewart's history of the Royal family, Page 160, in right of his wife, became possessed of the lands of Dalawinton, Garlies, &c., which appears by their contract dated 1396, and of this marriage the present Earl of Galloway is the lineal heir male. She had a son, Sir William Stewart of Dalawinton and Garlies, who according to Rymer was a man of good parts, much in favour with king James the second, and received the honour

of knighthood from his hand in the year 1443. This in all probability was the "Garlies" mentioned in the Ballad.

Page 57, line 5.

And Castle-Stewart led by the Gill.

Stewart of Castle-Stewart was, according to Rymer, Symson, and other old authorities, a cadet of the family of Garlies.

Ibid. line 7.

And Skeonchan's Laird.

M'Kie of Palgown had his family seat at Skeonchan, which is thus described in the M'Farlane MSS. Advocate's Library, page 133. "The house is surrounded with pretty groves of Scots pines, black cherries, and other kinds of planting, which make a fine umbrello to the house; and from the front, a walk down to the lake, which centers upon a little moat, prettily planted in devices with seats, and a beautiful little boat, lodged under a shade, for taking pleasure in a fine day on the water."

They were a branch of the M'Kies of Larg.

Ibid. line 8

And brave Glencaird.

We can find nothing on record respecting this doughty cheiftain, nor have we heard any tradition respecting the family, that will enable us even to give his name, but as it formed a part of the estate of Palgown, it in all probability was M'Kie.

Page 57, line 10.

Then a knight rode up to Kenmure ha'.

So much has been written lately, respecting this noble and once powerful family, that nothing is left us but dull repetition, or silence; every vestige of historical facts having been dragged from the oblivion wherein they had been permitted to slumber, for centuries, a scanty gleanings is all we can therefore gather from the geneeological stubble field.

On a careful investigation of the writings of our best ancient biographical historians, their statements are so much at issue with the facts contained in the Ballad, that on a superficial review, it might render its authenticity more than questionable. But when we take into consideration the sudden changes in the political horizon of the times referred to, we find it nothing uncommon for a man to have been attainted as a traitor, his lands confiscated and a price set on his head, and the very next page to find him restored to royal favour, his property not only restored, but large additional grants conferred upon him, and himself either presiding over the councils, or leading the armies of the state.

We have been led to these considerations, by a perusal of some of our old historians, particularly Fordun, Rymmer, &c., and from the latter of these we find that Sir Alexander Gordon of Stichel and Kenmure, in the year 1408, delivered himself up as a hostage for the ransom of Archibald Douglas, Lord of Galloway, then a prisoner with John, Duke of Lancaster, the King of England's son. And for this service, and the payment of fifty five nobles of gold, he obtained a ratification of all his lands in the lordship of Galloway; and also a new grant of "the twenty-merk-lands of Bahmaclellan, &c." This grant is dated 28th May, 1408. And by another grant, dated in June, 1412, he is made Bailie of the barony of Earlstoun.

Notwithstanding these liberal donations, however, it must have been this same Sir Alexander Gordon, who fought the battle of Spearford, wherein he lost his life; and as the truth of this

battle's having been fought, rests on such a base of oral testimony, as to leave little doubt on our mind of its being part true: the connecting chain of historical evidence, which alike resting purely on tradition, yet embodying within it such a mass of concurring circumstances, accompanied a minuteness in the detail of events which led to the loss of Craignilder, when taken together, stamps it with an air of authenticity, which the boldest literary sceptic will hardly venture to question.

It must therefore, have been Roger Gordon, the son of said Alexander, who fell as has been said at Spearford, fought the battle of Craignilder: at least, in coming to this conclusion we have probability in our favour.

Page 58, line 8.

Bauld Earlston.

Gordon of Earlston, a branch of the noble family of Kenneth.

Ibid. line 10.

Glenlee has heard the martial din.

The name of this ancient and respectable family was Milne.

Ibid. line 12.

Barskeoch soon tirl'd at the pin.

Gordon of Barskeoch, connected with the family of Lovat, was one of the deputy rangers of the new forest of Glenkens, and according to Fordun, he built a strong peel at a place called Barskeoch, in or about the year 1312.

Page 58 line 13.

Strongcastle's land was near.

The Surname of this once respectable family was Newall.

Page 59, line 3.

Frae fair Dame Hellen's Island rock.

Much dubiety exists as to who was the founder of this very ancient Strong-hold. It has been attributed to a Dame Hellen Kennedy, by some said to be the sister, and by others, the wife, of Sir Gilbert Kennedy of Carrick. And in the chartulary of Levenaux, page 71, and in a charter in the public Archives, we find that Gilbert Kennedy of Carrick, grandson of Gilbert who founded the castle, obtained a charter from King Robert Bruce, containing a full remission for delivering up the castle of Loch Doon to the English, 1319. And having formerly belonged to the Baliol faction, and consequently a partisan of the English, the King by the same charter, again receives him into favour, and restores to him the government of the castle of Lough Doon and all the lands thereunto belonging, &c. This charter is witnessed by Edward Bruce, and several others, and afterwards confirmed by King Robert the second, in the year 1372. But whoever was the founder of the castle, it soon devolved to the crown, and became a royal castle; as from a charter in the public Archives, we observe, that Gilbert, the son of Mary Stewart, and nephew to King James the first, obtained from his uncle a charter constituting him heiritable Constable of the castle of Loch Doon.

So far we have the support of our best old historians, but little can be gathered respecting the castle. Tradition states that it was held out against John Baliol, and that his forces being unable to take it by storm, adopted a plan something similar to Loch Leven castle; they built a caul, or rampart of earth and stones,

across the place where it discharges itself, hoping by this embankment to inundate the castle. The besieged seem to have been aware of their intentions, as they offered a large reward to any who would destroy the caul. We omitted to mention that the bank thrown up at the head of the river Doon, not having been found of sufficient solidity to prevent the water from seeping through its chinks, they lined it with raw hides, and that a man of the name of McNab, having undertaken the hazardous enterprise, dropt down in a boat, in the night time, and having cut the hides asunder in several places, he made holes in the turf wall with an iron rod he had for the purpose, and the water soon beginning to find its way through the wall, softened the whole mass, so that pressed by the weight of the water behind, it gave way, carrying every thing before it in its course, and alongst with it also the adventurous individual, who lost his life on the occasion; and that in gratitude for the service he had rendered them, a grant of land was conferred on his son, which bears the name of M'Nabton, to this day.

This story we had from an old residenter on the banks of Loch Doon, and the public may attach what portion of credit to it they please.

Page 59 line 5.

Portmark aye first in battle shock.

Who this individual was we have been unable to discover.

Ibid. line 6.

Knocksting, wha's death at every stroke.

The same may be said of this veteran. We can find no traces of him in our research.

Page 59, line 7.

Lugwyne, who scorned the Douglas' yoke.

A tradition is handed down of this chief, whose name is said to have been Campbell, that in consequence of some offence committed by a vassal of Douglas, and for which he knew he would be severely punished, he fled to the forest of Glenkens, and was taken into the service of the laird of Lugwyne, where he remained in concealment for some years. It having however at last been discovered by the Earl where he was, he sent a very haughty message to Lugwyne, not only demanding the restoration of his servant, but that he should bring him back, and deliver him up with his own hand. To this Campbell seems not to have paid the slightest attention, for some time afterwards meeting the Earl, who with a princely retinue was passing through the forest, he was sharply reprimanded by the latter for his contumacy, and even threatened that if he did not instantly act in compliance with the instructions given him, he would be chastised for his dereliction. To this threat he is said to have replied, "If ye want him ye may just come an tak him wi' you, —If ye be fit!!!"

Ibid. line 12.

Bauld Brockloch.

We are equally in the dark respecting the individual here alluded to. We are aware that at one time Brockloch was in the possession of a family of the name of Wight, and afterwards in that of M'Millan. We have no evidence however either recorded or traditional, that either of these families were the parties mentioned in the text.

Page 59, line 14.

And Castlemody's burly bairns.

Castlemody was according to the traditions of the country, a royal hunting residence built by James the first of Scotland, when he visited the new forest for that purpose; he is said at the same time to have built a mill on Pulmody burn, for the purpose of grinding corn to feed his Dogs. The mill is standing, and in full operation at this day, but the Castle is in ruins.

For this, and much valuable local information, we are indebted to the kindness of our intelligent friend, Mr Sloan, School-master of Carsphairn.

Ibid. line 16.

Dundeuch has blawn his trumpet horn.

Gordon of Dundeuch, a branch of the family of Kenmure, and one of the deputy rangers of the new forest.

Ibid. line 17.

Holm threw his flail amang the corn.

We can find nothing worth recording respecting Holm, and we have been equally unsuccessful in so far as relates to the two that follow in rotation, we can find no clue even to their names.

Page 60, line 2.

And stout Knockgray.

Gordon of Konekgray, a Cadet of the family of Kenmure, one of the chiefs of that family fell, according to some of our old historians, on the field of Flodden.

Page 60, line 5.

The widow's son, lang Geordie Grier.

Grier of Garroch, at one time a most respectable family in the Glenkens. We have reason to believe, that the individual in the text was of that family; we however, can find neither recorded nor traditional account of the invasion of the upper district of the new Forest by Glencairn, nor of the scuffle alluded to.

Page 61, line 13.

Camp-Douglas heard the storm.

Camp-Douglas, a place in the parish of Balmaghie, still retaining its original name, where the Lords of Galloway mustered their forces, before setting out on an expedition.

Page 62, line 4.

Skerow's desert wave.

Lough Skerow, a small lake which divides the parish of Girthon from that of Balmaghie, partly lying within the farm of Grobdale.

Page 63, line 6.

Toiled up Craig Ranald's brae, man.

One of the summits of the Cairnsmoor range of hills.

Page 63, line 14.

On Laurie's Craig.

Craig Laurie, separated from Craig Ranaid by Lough G. Loch, is a conical rocky hill, on its eastern side, and a more judicious station could not have been selected for giving a full view of the line of march of the Douglasses, for many miles.

Page 64, line 17.

Lord Archibald's through the nick.

The deep indentures which divide the several summits of Cairnsmoor range of hills from each other, are, according to idiomatic phraseology of the country called nicks.

Page 65, line 7.

Bauld Cardoness led on the van.

By whom the castle of Cardoness was built we have been able to discover. We find that in the year 1544, Sir James McCulloch of Cardoness, married Catherine, daughter of Robert Gordon of Lochinvar: from this we would infer that good understanding had subsisted between the families for some time, but who the Cardoness was who commanded the wing at the battle of Craignilder we have not been able to discover.

Page 66, line 1.

Doun Corwar's brae the battle tide.

A more judicious selection of ground could scarcely have been made, under any circumstances, than that chosen by the King.

men. It seems to have been where the precipitous hill of Craignilder swells out to the west, leaving only a narrow gorge between the precipice and the burn of Pulnure. Their flanks were therefore, securely covered, and could not have been turned by any force as from the flooded state of the burn, it would appear it had been considered by both parties unfordable, at that place ; and although it was passed by the forces under M'Clurg, farther up, and in the rear of the Gordons, yet as it receives a number of tributary streams, from both sides, before it reaches the place where the battle is said to have been fought, and its channel forming a succession of lins, or water falls, over a broken rocky bed, it could, in the state in which it then was, have been passed with much difficulty, and even danger, for a mile downwards. And farther, as the object of Douglas seems evidently to have been to give battle to Lochinvar, before his junction with M'Clurg could be effected, it would have been a total dereliction from his plan to have declined battle, even had the circumstances been more unfavourable than they were.

Page 67, line 20.

Hark, frae Dunottery's rocky height.

M'Clurg seems, by his keeping the high ground to have expected that the conflict would have taken place on the western side of Pulnure, as it was from the summit of the precipitous hill of Dunottery, that he caught the first view of the field of battle. Had he skirted the hills in the nearest direction to the scene of action he might have brought up his forces much sooner, but on the other side, had the battle been fought on the west side of Pulnure, the high ground gave him a decided advantage, as it enabled him to attack either flank of the enemy with impunity. But as soon as he discovered the engagement had commenced, he appears to have descended to the plain, crossed the burn of Craighdu, and afterwards Pulnure, and advanced on the rear of the Kensem.

Page 68, line 8.

— *Through the wiel.*

Wiel, a whirlpool.

Ibid. line 9.

O'er Saddle tore.

Saddle tore, the bow of the Saddle.

Page 69, line 19.

Whare rung the swinging flail.

The *Galloway flail*, must have been a formidable weapon when wielded by a muscular arm, it is described, if we mistake not, by Henry the minstrel, and seems to have been a weapon indigenous to the country, as several old writers mention it by that name, we had the fortune to see one reported to have been taken out of Dumbarton Castle, it was in a museum collected and arranged by the ingenious Mr Burrell in Edinburgh about twenty-five years ago. In so far as our recollections of it is to be depended on, its staff might have been about five feet in length, the Souple about $3\frac{1}{2}$ or 4 feet, and jointed with iron rings either in one, or two places, so that it doubled with resistless force over any interposing object. It is well described in the text.

Page 71, line 18.

As snell as biting hail.

Snell, bitter, fierce.

Page 73, line 7.

And meet them at the Dore.

The bluff precipitous termination of the mountain to the South is commonly called the Dore, or Door of Cairnsmoor.

Ibid. line 17.

On wild Kilcronchie's grizzly height.

The hill of Kilcronchie is separated from the Dore of Cairnsmoor by a deep ravine of flow moss, and on the hill are many large stones that at one time have evidently formed a segment if not a complete circle, enclosing an area of about 30 yards, for what purpose the erection could have been raised, must ever remain a matter of conjecture. The stones are all of great size and have stood from 3 to 4 feet asunder. It was within the memory of some old people living, in a more perfect state, but many of the stones have now rolled down the hill. Whether it has been a Celtic place of worship, or erected for defence in war, must ever remain undecided.

Page 74, line 7.

Each shaft unlocked a widow's tear.

From the repeated allusions in the ballad to the archery of the Kilmartin, we are led to believe that this qualification resulted from their living within the boundaries of the new forest, and as a Highlander would say, occasionally *lifting* a deer. We find the bowmen of Ettrick forest repeatedly eulogised for their skill in the same weapon, and the archery of the Sherwood foresters, (alias, Deerstealers) is even proverbial to this day.

D

Page 74, line 17.

And took the ford beneath Demiens.

Demiens, a wild spot on the side of the western branch of the river Fleet, and near its source.

Ibid. line 18.

They past Drumruck's wild forest screens.

The house of Drumruck stands on the west side of the East branch of the Fleet. It was originally built as a hunting lodge, we believe by the Grandfather of the present Mr Murray of Broughton. The other places mentioned in the stanza are not worthy of a note.

Page 75, line 6.

An' roun' the Shiltrum's treble rank.

This was a military evolution, or rather defensive formation in so far as we can learn of exclusively Scottish origin, which has puzzled all our historians, as well as tacticians, both ancient and modern, to come to anything like a definitive conclusion respecting it. It is repeatedly mentioned by Henry the minstrel in "the Wallace" and by Barbour in "the Bruce" and by some other of our old historians; but none have either described its formation, or the figure it assumed when formed. From all however, we can easily learn that it was only resorted to in cases of extremity, and that its adoption was uniformly attended with disastrous consequences. We could enumerate many instances of its unfortunate tendency; such as the battles of Stirling, and last, of Flodden field; but these could answer no other purpose than to swell the note beyond the limits to which we are restricted, without enabling us to throw any more light on the

subject. One thing we may assert without danger of contradiction, that defensive warfare, through all its widely diversified ramifications, was neither adapted to the spirit nor genius of the Scottish nation. Impetuous in the onset, when opposed to anything like a parity of numbers, their charge was irresistible, but when any circumstances occurred that rendered it necessary for them to act on the defensive, such as the nature of the ground, or, what was oftener the case, the numerical odds being against them, the very restraints under which they were necessarily laid to secure their safety, were converted by their own impatience of control, into the means of destruction. The Shiltrum was therefore, a formation which ought never under any circumstances whatever, to have been taken up by a Scottish general; and this fact will be more clearly demonstrated when we come to the investigation of its figure. And although no historian we have seen, has been sufficiently clear in his definition of it, yet something may be gathered from the collective facts which they state. Old Maitland, when speaking of Flodden field, calls it "the fatal ring," and Barbour, when describing one of the early battles of Bruce, wherein the Scots had taken up this formation, he tells us, that

"horse and man

Round about the Shiltrum ran."

From these authorities, we are led to believe that it was a circle, and we are farther confirmed in this belief by the Ballad, which, if it be admitted as evidence, might almost be considered as conclusive on the subject; as from it we are led to infer, that it was a series of concentric circles, the depth of each of which was in proportion to the number of which it was composed, and that the places of those who fell in the exterior circle were supplied from the interior circles.

Whether our conjecture be in this instance well or ill founded, we again repeat our conviction of its ruinous effects, when resorted to, and that no instance can be shown on record, where its results have been otherwise than unfortunate. One or two of its dangerous consequences may be here mentioned, which

will show the evils that must have followed its adoption clearer point of view, than any mode of reasoning we could. And first, when once formed, it was impossible ever to reduce to a line, and unlike the square, which is a moveable body could not be moved, but must either conquer or die, on the ground on which it stood; and when vanquished, which in most instances it was, no door for escape was left open to the fugitives. It may in some measure account for the dreadful carnage at Eden and other fields, where this ill-omened measure was resorted to.

THE END.

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H.M.

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